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Prologue

Crisp leaves swirled around the forest. Just outside of a sleeping hollow, four large cats huddled outside in the cool leaf-fall night. The largest cat, a black tom with white paws stepped closer to a smaller brown tabby.
"What's going on?" The tabby growled, a hint of fear scent hung in the air. "What are you doing?"
The tom drew his lips back in a snarl, revealing sharp yellow teeth. "You are weak, Shrewstar. Our Clan needs a strong leader, one who will not hesitate to go into battle, one who does not show mercy!"
"You wouldn't dare kill me! StarClan forbid!" He hissed, his mew edged by fear.
One of the surrounding cats made her way to stand by her companion. "StarClan?" She sneered. "StarClan won't help you now."
The rest of the cats formed a circle around the terrified cat and kneaded their claws in the ground.
"You fools! You don't even know how many lives I have left. You'll have to kill me over and over again, traitors!"
The first cat spoke again, "you are the fool Shrewstar. You have one life left, and you're an old cat. You stand no chance against us."
Shrewstar gulped, "StarClan be with me", and leapt onto the first cat with all his strength. But the black tom was right, he was an old cat with only one life left.
The two cats writhed in battle, and Shrewstar dove under his sensitive belly. He clawed at it ferociously, but the tom made himself go limp and collapsed onto the smaller cat. Shrewstar let out a grunt of pain and wriggled out from under him. Panting heavily, they stood face to face, blood dripping from the side of their mouths.
"You're finished, Shrewstar."
"If you kill me, I will die fighting. I will not surrender." Shrewstar announced proudly and held his chin high.
As if on signal, all the surrounding cats leapt on the tabby, and as quickly as the fight started, it was over. Shrewstar's limp body laid unmoving in the center of the circle.
"Shrewstar is dead." The tom murmured. "Shrewstar is dead!" He let

out a howl of triumph and turned to his Clanmates. "Nice work." He dipped his head.
A she-cat whimpered from a couple tail lengths away, she was apart of the battle and assisted in the murder.
The tom's gaze softened and he laid his tail on her shoulder. "I know it was hard for you because Shrewstar was your father. But you did well. Besides, did he ever even treat you like a warrior?"
She puffed out her chest, she was beautiful golden she cat. "No! I swear some days he thought I was still a kit!" Her tail lashed angrily.
The final cat who hadn't spoken yet, a light brown tabby, stepped closer to the she cat. "Remember what to tell the Clan when we bring his body back."
She nodded confidently, "a fox got him."
"Very good." The tom dipped his head. "Let this be a day that will go down in history for our Clan. One day we will be all over the forest, and we will reign in triumph!" He yowled to the stars, and the other cats joined in. Only one cat hesitated, and it was Shrewstar's daughter.
She let her gaze travel to his bloody and matted body, and she closed her eyes briefly. "I'm sorry father." She whispered into his fur, before joining in on the yowl.

WindClan Allegiances

LEADER- Oakstar (Large brown tom)
DEPUTY- Shatteredwish (White tabby with gray stripes)
MEDICINE CAT- Lilytail (Tortoiseshell she cat)
MEDICINE CAT APPRENTICE- Lionpaw
*****
WARRIORS:
Crispfeather (Brown tom)
-
Redflight (Ginger tom)
-
Briarstorm (Light brown she cat)
-
Harewhisker (Pale she cat)
-
Frecklepelt (Speckled gray tom)
-
Tigerleap (Dark brown tabby)
-
Hollydusk (Black she cat)
*****
APPRENTICES:
Bluepaw (Russian blue she cat)
MENTOR: Harewhisker
-
Darkpaw (Very dark brown tom)
MENTOR: Hollydusk
-
Ravenpaw (Jet black tom)
MENTOR: Tigerleap
-
Lionpaw (Golden tom)
MENTOR: Lilytail
*****
QUEENS:
Dewlight (Brown she cat)

KITS: Sunkit, Lightkit
-
Featherpool (Silver she cat)
KITS: Snowkit, Sandkit, Buzzardkit
*****
ELDERS:
Cloudrunner (White tom)
-
Nettlepatch (Mottled brown tabby tom)

ThunderClan Allegiances

LEADER- Flintstar (Black tom with white chest and paws)
DEPUTY- Honeystorm (Small golden she cat)
MEDICINE CAT- Swiftprance (Black and white tom)
*****
WARRIORS:
Badgertooth (Dark brown tom)
-
Nightfang (Black tom)
-
Goldensplash (Golden she cat)
-
Birchflight (Light brown tabby tom)
-
Mouseclaw (Pale she cat)
-
Silvernose (Silver she cat with dark tabby stripes)
-
Gingerleaf (Ginger she cat)
*****
APPRENTICES:
Cherrypaw (Ginger she cat with white underbelly)
MENTOR: Nightfang
-
Leafpaw (Brown she cat)
MENTOR: Badgertooth
-
Jaypaw (Silver tabby)
MENTOR: Silvernose
-
Foxpaw (Dark ginger tom)
MENTOR: Birchflight
-
Palepaw (Pale tom)
MENTOR: Mouseclaw
*****

QUEENS:
Whitesong (White she cat, expecting Birchflight's kits)
*****
ELDERS:
Hawkstorm (Dark brown tabby with white tail tip)
-
Dapplefur (Tortoiseshell she cat)

sorry for posting these after the prologue i forgot to put them up first!!!

Chapter 1

"Come on, Snowkit!"
A light ginger she-kit bounced around the clearing. "You're as slow as a badger!"
The white tom kit called Snowkit laughed lightly and batted his sister with his small paw. "You should talk! An elder could catch you."
Angrily, the she kit jumped on her brother and they tussled playfully.
They're wrestling came to a stop when they heard a low chuckling from behind them. Snowkit turned and saw Tigerleap, a large brown tabby, with his apprentice, Ravenpaw.
"Snowkit and Sandkit." He meowed in amusement. "Double trouble." The tabby shook his head with a smile.
Snowkit tilted his head and glanced at his sister. What did double trouble mean?
Ravenpaw growled, "one day you two will get into some real trouble, and no one will want to back you up. Both of you have already found a way to get on every cat's last nerve!"
The sleek white kit's fur bristled in anger. Ravenpaw had always been a pain to be around, but why was he starting a quarrel with a couple of kits?
"Simmer down, Ravenpaw." Tigerleap nudged his apprentice. "They've done nothing wrong."
"Nothing wrong? Remember that time they dared Buzzardkit to eat crow-food? He had a belly ache for days!" The black cat hissed.
Sandkit stood up abruptly, "not true!" She retorted.
Shuffling his paws in embarrassment, Snowkit knew that Ravenpaw's accusations were in fact true. Him and Sandkit did seem to always be getting in trouble.
"Yeah right. Featherpool is such a pleasant cat, you must get your immaturity from your father, whoever he is." Ravenpaw grunted.
"Don't talk about my father like that!" Snowkit growled defensively. None of his siblings knew who he was, or where he is now, and it troubled Snowkit greatly. Their mother refused to tell anyone.
The apprentice's response was just an irrated snort, and he padded

off without waiting for his mentor.
Tigerleap gave the kits an apologetic glance, and walked to the fresh-kill pile.
"Why is Ravenpaw always such a pile of rat drippings?" Sandkit whined to her brother.
Before Snowkit could reply, he felt warm breath in the back of his neck and soft teeth grasped his scruff.
"Now, now." A voice meowed while putting Snowkit down next to her. "That is no way to treat your Clanmates."
Snowkit looked up at his mother, Featherpool. Hot with embarrassment, he bent down to lick his chest fur.
"But he's such a flea pelt!" Sandkit complained while climbing on top of their mother.
Their brother, Buzzardkit, padded up slowly towards the other cats.
"I know," Featherpool whispered softly, "but don't let other cats hear it."
Snowkit giggled at his mother's remark, and jumped on her back.
They all played joyfully, and right in this moment, Snowkit felt like the luckiest cat in the forest, but one thought filled his head with doubt. 'How could I be the luckiest cat in the forest if I don't know the slightest thing about my father?'

Chapter 2

"Now crouch down like this- and start walking forward slowly..." Bluepaw was showing the kits the hunting crouch, after they had begged for days. The apprentice finally had some free time and was entertaining the kits.
Snowkit watched it awe at the blue cat's lithe movement. "I wanna try!" He boasted, and starting bouncing on his paws.
"Me too!" Sandkit puffed out her chest.
Buzzardkit didn't say anything, but the look in his eyes said it all, the small kit was ecstatic.
"Alright then. Snowkit, you first." Bluepaw sat down and draped her tail over her paws.
He instantly dropped into his best crouch, and inched forward slowly. As soon as he was finished, he sat up and waited for Bluepaw's praise.
Sandkit and Bluepaw started rolling on the ground in laughter and Snowkit flattened his ears.
"That was horrible!" Sandkit busted out in between laughs.
He frowned and looked hopefully to Bluepaw. "Was it?"
"It wasn't horrible." Bluepaw rolled her eyes at Sandkit. "She made me laugh!"
Snowkit breathed a sigh of relief.
"Just try not to be so lopsided, and be lighter on your paws." She suggested, and flicked her tail for him to try again.
This time he was much more even and less heavy wih his paw steps.
"Better." Bluepaw meowed.
Pride swelling in his chest, he sat down again and lifted his chin.
"You will make a fine warrior."
Startled, Snowkit spun around and found himself face to face with the Clan leader, Oakstar.
"O-Oakstar!" He stammered nervously. The kit had never met his leader before, and he was a huge brown tom.
Oakstar smiled softly and dipped his head. "Bluepaw I hope you're not missing any training right now."
The apprentice shook her head, "no, Oakstar. Harewhisker gave me the day off."

"Very well." The leader meowed. "Why don't you get some sleep?"
Bluepaw hesitated, looking at the disappointed kits, "okay." She meowed at last and stalked off to her den.
Sandkit's tail lashed in annoyance. "Why did you do that? She was teaching us how to hunt!"
Snowkit gasped in horror. Did his sister just talk back to their Clan leader?
"You three will be made apprentices tomorrow. There is no need for Bluepaw to be teaching you." Oakstar didn't seem at all affected by Sandkit's tone, to Snowkit's relief.
"Apprentices? Already?" Buzzardkit meowed excitedly.
Oakstar nodded his head, "yes well you are six moons now."
The white kit felt his heart racing in excitement. Apprentices! He didn't even notice when Oakstar left and went to talk to Shatteredwish, WindClan's deputy.
Although he figured he wasn't supposed to hear, the deputy was talking so loud all of the Clan probably heard.
"I have had enough! All our prey will be gone by the time you finally confront RiverClan" The tabby's fur bristled in anger.
"Keep your voice down," Oakstar growled.
"If you don't do something about RiverClan, I will!" Shatteredwish challenged.
Oakstar flinched. "I know we need to do something, do not challenge me again." If the leader expected a response, he didn't wait for one. "We will attack at dawn."
Adding louder, Oakstar yowled to the cats in the clearing, "If you didn't hear, get some rest. We'll be setting out before dawn."
Snowkit's paws prickled in anticipation. He wouldn't be chosen, but was excited anyways.
"Hey." He felt Sandkit prod him in the side. "What do you say we go with the patrol?"

Chapter 3

Snowkit opened his eyes and felt the soft breathing of his mother. He carefully slipped past her and out the nursery entrance. Sandkit was already waking behind the nursery.
"I don't know about this..." Snowkit whispered.
The pale ginger kit shook her head. "We'll be fine. Besides, we're basically apprentices."
That was partly true; because Oakstar would be making them apprentices today. But still they hadn't received their names.
With a doubtful shrug, Snowkit followed his sister out of camp through a hole in the bramble wall.
"It's not dawn yet. The warriors are all still sleeping." Snowkit meowed and sniffed the air.
"It will be soon!" Sandkit meowed excitedly.
Not long after, the sun began to rise and Snowkit heard Oakstar's yowl.
"Redflight, Briarstorm, Harewhisker, Tigerleap, Ravenpaw, Bluepaw, and-" There was a short pause. "Hollydusk."
Snowkit's paws itched to be running through the moor, but he stayed hidden with his sister in a bush outside the camp.
When they heard the hard pawsteps of many cats going past them, they knew the chosen cats had left for RiverClan.
With a flash of uncertainty, Snowkit leapt out of the bushes and followed them.
*****
By the time Snowkit and Sandkit had reached RiverClan, the fighting had already started. He watched as Hollydusk dove onto a brown tabby, and Snowkit recognized him as the RiverClan deputy Batwing.
"What are you doing here?" The RiverClan leader, Shellstar, yowled to Oakstar.
"RiverClan is stealing our prey! So we came to steal something of yours."
Snowkit felt a wave of shock. He didn't know that his Clan came to steal something!
As fast as lightning, the ginger tom Redflight grabbed a RiverClan

she cat in his jaws. She was a beautiful tortoiseshell, and Snowkit's heart dropped. He let out a mew of horror when he saw it. She was pregnant.
"Sweetwind!" Batwing cried and threw Hollydusk off.
All the fighting stopped and the WindClan warriors fled the camp. The raced back to their own territory, using their natural speed as an advantage.
Snowkit and Sandkit followed after them, and when they reached the camp Featherpool was waiting at the entrance.
"What have you two been doing?" She growled.

Chapter 4

"N-nothing, Featherpool." Snowkit meowed nervously.
"Don't lie to me, where were you?" She hissed at her kits.
Sandkit stepped forward confidently and lifted her chin. "We went to watch the battle."
The white kit gaped his jaws. Why did Sandkit tell her the truth?
Featherpool's eyes flew open in shock. "Do you know how dangerous that is? You could have been killed!"
"We didn't join the battle, we just watched from outside the camp." His sister assured their mother.
"I don't care if you didn't join the battle! You snuck out of camp and went into enemy territory. Shatteredwish even sent out a patrol to look for you!" Featherpool growled.
Snowkit lowered his head in shame. He knew it was a bad idea.
"Don't you ever do anything like that again. Do you hear me?" His mother meowed, this time in a softer tone.
"Yes Featherpool-" He was cut off by an anxious mew from the clearing.
"Please let me go back. My kits will be coming any day now!" The cry came from the she cat that they had captured at the RiverClan camp.
Snowkit looked her way sympathetically. He wished they didn't take the poor queen.
When nightfall came, Snowkit had begun to accept that they wouldn't be named apprentices today after what they did.
However, as he was retreating back to the nursery he heard the familiar yowl.
"Let all cats old enough to catch their own prey join beneath the high rock for a Clan meeting."
Sandkit burst out of the nursery and nearly knocked over Snowkit.
"It's happening!" She meowed excitedly.
Buzzardkit looked at his siblings and smiled. "We're going to be apprentices!"
As they made their way toward the rock with Featherpool urging them on, he noticed that the whole Clan was already in their spots.
"I gathered you all today because there are two important things I

need to discuss." Oakstar yowled.
Snowkit pricked his ears and wondered what the other thing could be.
Oakstar pauses and waited for the clearing to become quiet before starting again. "As you all know we attacked RiverClan today at last."
Yowls of triumph erupted throughout the Clan.
"We have taken one of their queens at prisoner." He pointed his tail to Sweetwind who was listening far away. "She will be treated and taken care for as if she were one of our own. I wouldn't want any complications with her kits."
Sweetwind looked relieved, and she laid down as if she could finally relax.
"Now we have some kits who have reached six moons of age and are ready to become apprentices." Oakstar nodded to Snowkit and his littermates, signaling them to come forward.
"Sandkit, from this day forward until you receive your warrior name, you will be known as Sandpaw."
The light ginger apprentice tried to hold back squeals of excitement.
"Frecklepelt, you are ready for your first apprentice. I trust you will pass down all you learned from Redflight to your apprentice."
Sandpaw and Frecklepelt touched noses and exchanged a few words.
"Buzzardkit, from this day forward until you receive your warrior name, you will be known as Buzzardpaw. Crispfeather, I trust you will teach young Buzzardpaw everything you know."
Snowkit's brother padded up to his new mentor and barely touched his nose out of shyness.
Oakstar's gaze rested on Snowkit. "Snowkit, from this day forward until you receive your warrior name, you will be known as Snowpaw. Redflight, you have had many apprentices and all turned out to be fine warriors. I trust you will pass down your skills to Snowpaw."
Beaming with excitement, Snowpaw lifted his nose up to touch noses with the well respected warrior, Redflight. "You're doing great." The ginger tom whispered to Snowpaw.
The white apprentice waited for everyone to chant his name, but all was silent.
He looked around in confusion and heard every cat gasp.
Shouldering his way to the front, what he saw was horrifying.

'Oh great StarClan.'

Chapter 5

"No, no, no, no, no!"
Snowpaw turned away from what was in front of him to the brown queen, Dewlight.
"How could this happen?" She meowed anxiously.
Oakstar, who hadn't strayed from his rock, cranes his neck to see the commotion. After he saw it, his eyes glazed in terror.
The WindClan medicine cat, Lilytail, rushed forward and pushed all cats aside. "Give us some space!" She hissed urgently and motioned for her apprentice, Lionpaw, the join her.
"This is crazy..." He turned to see Featherpool and she gave him a kick behind his ears.
What was in front of him was the body of a tiny kit. It's fur was matted in blood and scratches ran down its flank.
This was Dewlight's kit, Sunkit.
Lilytail presses her ear against it's flank and sighed. "He's dead."
A yowl if grief sounded, and Dewlight was on the ground, cradling her other kit tightly. "I let him out of my sight for one moment! What did this?"
As Lionpaw kept examining the corpse, his eyes darkened and he prodded Lilytail in the side. She gasped in horror and called Oakstar over.
"The scratches could be from a badger, but there's something in between his claws..." Lilytail meowed darkly.
Oakstar gasped too, and all their eyes scanned the crowd until it landed on one cat. Snowpaw.
"It's an omen." Lilytail whispered.
Snowpaw's heart dropped. They couldn't possibly think that he murdered Sunkit?
The WindClan leader's lips pulled back into a snarl, revealing sharp teeth. "Cats of WindClan. StarClan has sent us an omen."
All the cats looked at each other nervously. What was going to happen?
Sandpaw intertwined her tail with Snowpaw's and pressed closer to him. Whatever happens, Snowpaw knew his sister will always be there for him.

"Lionpaw has found snow in Sunkit's claws. It's still solid, and shows no sign of melting. StarClan has placed the snow in between his claws to show that Snowpaw murdered Sunkit." The leader finished off with a cold glance at the new apprentice.
Snowpaw's heart started pounding in fear and Sandpaw inched even closer to him.
"How could you think that?" Featherpool hissed. "There's no way he could have killed him. You were naming him an apprentice for StarClan's sake!"
"I heard from Shatteredwish that Snowpaw went missing this morning. He could have killed Sunkit, and StarClan brought him back to the Clan so we would see the omen." Oakstar growled.
The apprentice didn't know what to say. He knew he didn't murder Sunkit, but he did leave the Clan this morning, and everybody seemed to think he was guilty.
"I am appalled. It's shocking that Featherpool raised a cat such as yourself. You must get it from your father." He snarled.
Featherpool stood up quickly. "Don't you ever mention their father again!"
"It's true, he's probably a murderer just like Snowpaw." Harewhisker growled.
"Traitor!"
"Murderer!"
Yowls of fury erupted in the Clan and Snowpaw didn't know what to do. How could this be happening?
Dewlight thrust her way to Snowpaw. "You filthy traitor."
Snowpaw started to feel dizzy, and all the shouting and insults swirled around in his head, until he passed out.
He faintly heard Sandpaw cry, "Snowpaw!"

Chapter 6

"Are you okay?"
Snowpaw blinked his eyes open to see his family standing over him, their eyes wide in concern.
"What happened?" Snowpaw meowed, his voice full of worry.
Featherpool started licking his forehead, and he sat up, suddenly aware of his surroundings. He was by the entrance of the camp.
The pale ginger apprentice looked at her brother and gave him a sad smile. What possibly could make them so upset?
Looking around the clearing, Snowpaw saw the whole Clan staring at him and his family, but strangely their eyes showed hatred, and their claws were unsheathed.
"What happened?" Snowpaw repeated, this time growing with irritation as he stood up on his paws.
"Snowpaw-" Featherpool cried. "You have to leave."
Stifling a mew of laughter, Snowpaw turned to his mother. "Why?"
As she was about to reply, a dark shadow looked over him.
"You murdered Sunkit." The WindClan leader snarled to the small apprentice. "You are to leave WindClan at once, and never come back." Oakstar finished with a menacing growl.
Snowpaw blinked his eyes fast, and started remembering the events from before. He was being made an apprentice, and moments later was standing before the mottled body of a kit.
The medicine cat had accused him of murder after receiving an evil omen from StarClan.
"But- but I didn't kill anyone!" Snowpaw meowed desperately. "I didn't do anything..."
"He was with me all morning!" Sandpaw agreed and moved to stand beside her brother.
Heart thumping fast, the white tom glanced back and fourth from his sister to his leader.
"And what were you doing?" Shatteredwish hissed, coming to stand beside Oakstar.
Sandpaw shuffled her paws, "we followed the battle patrol."
Bracing himself for an outburst, Snowpaw closed his small eyes tightly. He was startled when all he heard was the deep laughter of

all the cats around him.
"Like I'm supposed to believe that." Oakstar rumbled. "You are exiled, Snowpaw. Either leave in peace, or by force."
Snowpaw swallowed back bile that had risen in his throat. He was innocent! Fear gripped his stomach, and the pain that he would be separated from his family.
"But where will I go?" He whimpered to Featherpool, and intertwined his tail with hers and rubbed his muzzle in her fur. When he pulled away she stared deep into her son's fearful eyes.
"ThunderClan. Go to ThunderClan." She meowed urgently, as if she was certain they would care for him.
Nodding doubtfully, Snowpaw touched noses with Sandpaw and met her sad eyes. "What will I do without you?" She meowed, her eyes filling with water.
Snowpaw licked her on the cheek, "you'll be just fine."
Lastly he moved on to Buzzardpaw, his shy brother. Faintly touching noses, Snowpaw whispered in his brother's ear, "take care of Sandpaw for me."
The tabby smiled sadly at Snowpaw and took a deep breath, "I will."
With one last glance at his former Clan, Snowpaw lowered his head and walked slowly out of the camp, dragging his tail behind him. He tried to ignore the angry shouts that sounded when he left, but it was impossible.
His Clan, who he had thought of as his family, thought he was a murderer. And that was enough to break him.

Chapter 7

As soon as he crossed the WindClan border, the trek to find a new home had begun. It took him much longer than usual to find the way out of WindClan territory because he had never been out of camp before.
How could his Clan think he had murdered a kit? Was he even capable of murder? Up until a few moments ago he was still a kit himself.
'Why me? Why was there snow in his claws? Did I kill Sunkit and I don't remember it?' Thoughts pierced Snowpaw like thorns.
The sun had gone down and the moon was starting to cast a shadow over the night sky. He hadn't learned the Clans' scents yet, and wasn't even sure if he was headed towards ThunderClan or RiverClan.
His mother, Featherpool, seemed so certain that ThunderClan would be a good home for him, but he had no idea why.
The white apprentice pricked his ears when he heard a rustling in the brambles. He unsheathed his claws and dropped into a lopsided crouch, unsure of what to do.
Fear clenched his belly as he waited for whatever it was to leap on him. Instead, a pretty ginger cat quietly came out of the bushes. Although Snowpaw was still shaking in fear, he sensed the danger had passed. This she-cat was small- probably a moon or so older than him.
"Who are you and what are you doing on ThunderClan territory?" She snarled, a hint of hostility in her voice.
So he was in ThunderClan, just as he hoped.
"M-My name is Snowpaw, and I'd like to speak to your leader. Flintstar is it?" He meowed cautiously, not wanting to make a bad impression on the apprentice who might be his Clanmate one day soon.
The ginger cat sheathed her claws and let her fur lie flat again.
"Why?" Snowpaw has expected an angry retort, but she seemed to just be curious.
"Er, I would like to join ThunderClan?" He felt a sudden pang of nervousness as he wondered if he had said the right thing.

Her eyes narrowed, but she flicked her tail and gestures for him to follow her. They trotted at the decent pace through the dense forest, and Snowpaw felt trapped beneath the towering trees.
'How could I go from living on the moor to under these hot blankets?'
"So why are you out here alone?" The ThunderClan she-cat asked politely, but still guarded.
"I could ask you the same thing." Snowpaw grunted, his paws starting to feel heavy with the long journey.
She rolled her eyes, "I like to hunt at night, now answer MY question."
"Well no one came with me, so that's why I'm alone I guess..."
After what felt like moons, the two cats arrived at what must have been the ThunderClan camp. A thorn ravine was the entrance to the camp, and he found his paws leading him into a large stone hollow. As he gaped his jaws and looked around in awe, he felt eyes boring into his pelt. The white apprentice turned around and looked up at a huge jet black cat.
"Cherrypaw- what is this?"

Chapter 8

"He smells of WindClan?"
"Are there more of them?"
"Is this an attack?"
Questions swarmed around Snowpaw, and he felt dizzy. Standing in front of him must have been Flintstar, the ThunderClan leader.
"I found him at the border." Cherrypaw explained. "He said he wanted to talk to you." She meowed to Flintstar. "I didn't see anymore of them."
The jet black tom growled as he loomed over the apprentices. "Very well. Come into my den." He flicked his tail at Snowpaw, and the white cat lowered his head as he staggered into the den.
He had to climb up a slope to reach it. It was carved into the stone walls surrounding the clearing. His paws aches by the time they reached the top.
"Sit." The leader growled.
Snowpaw sat down across from him and curled his tail around his paws. 'What if he refuses to let me join?' He thought in horror.
"What is your name young one?" Flintstar asked, his voice less aggressive now that they were in private.
"Snowpaw." He replied, and lifted his chin up.
Flintstar nodded, "okay Snowpaw. What are you doing on ThunderClan territory?"
"I wish to join ThunderClan."
Interested sparked in the large black tom's gaze. "Why?" He asked curiously, all hostility had left his tone.
The apprentice shuffled his paws. "I've been exiled from WindClan." He answered honestly. If these cats were to be his new Clanmates, he couldn't lie.
A growl rumbled in Flintstar's throat, but his sparkling yellow eyes betrayed a different emotion that Snowpaw couldn't read. "Exiled?"
"That's right." Snowpaw mumbled.
"Why would Oakstar exile a cat who looks like he could still be a kit?" Flintstar broke into a laugh.
Fury burned in Snowpaw's veins. "They accuses me of murdering a kit, okay? So can I join ThunderClan or not?" He hissed.

The tom flinched, but when he thought about Snowpaw's words a smile lit up on his face. "Of course you can join. Oakstar will be furious to know we took in a murderer. I just have one last question."
Snowpaw hesitated, but nodded.
"Why ThunderClan?"
"My mother told me to come here." He meowed cautiously.
Flintstar tilted his head. "And whose your mother?"
"Featherpool."
The leader's eyes gleamed. "In that case," he purred, "welcome to ThunderClan."

Chapter 9

"Cats of ThunderClan." Flintstar yowled from the Highledge. "Gather around for a Clan meeting!"
Snowpaw's paws trembled with excitement and nervousness. He watched as cats began to pad out of their den and turn them their heads to look at Snowpaw. Most were already in the clearing from when he arrived with Cherrypaw.
The ginger apprentice trotted over to him, and flicked her tail in encouragement. She seemed to be a nice cat, and a pretty one at that. He wondered if she was almost done with her training. Though he was large for his age, she was bigger and stronger than him.
Cats were murmuring and cast their heads to look at Snowpaw before turning back to their Clanmates and whispering. Unease prickled at his pelt, but they were silenced by Flintstar's flick of his tail.
"Earlier tonight Cherrypaw returned to camp with this apprentice- Snowpaw- who came from WindClan." The jet black leader began.
"WindClan?" A cat growled. "Who is this? A spy?"
Snowpaw turned around to where the voice came from. Sitting behind him was a dark brown tabby tom with a white tip on his tail. From his gray flecks on his muzzle and his voice cracked with age, the white tom assumed he was an elder.
"Silence, Hawkstorm. This apprentice has just recently reached six moons. Do you think WindClan would be as mouse-brained as to send a kit as a spy?" Flintstar challenged, his yellow eyes gleaming in the darkness.
Hawkstorm scoffed as he sat down, and Snowpaw gulped when his piercing gaze met Snowpaw's.
"Now if there are no more interruptions," the leader's eyes still rested on Hawkstorm, "then I would like to introduce Snowpaw into ThunderClan. He will train under me beside all the other apprentices."
Snowpaw felt a wave on shock. He was going to be the leader's apprentice? For the second time, no one called his name while being made an apprentice. All he received were the angry stares of

most cats as they padded back into their dens.
Cherrypaw laid her tail on Snowpaw's shoulder. "Don't feel bad. Most of them are really great, it'll just take time for them to warm up to an outsider. Even so, they'll do anything to make Oakstar angry. Taking in one of theirs will make him freak!"
Snowpaw smiled warmly. "Thanks, Cherrypaw."
"I'll introduce you to the others tomorrow," she purred. "It's late, you can have Jaygaze's nest tonight. He just became a warrior earlier today."
Snowpaw followed her eyes and saw the silver tabby slip into what must have been the warrior's den.
"Great." As Snowpaw padded after Cherrypaw, he sweeped the clearing and saw Flintstar staring at him. Although he wasn't staring at him, it was like he was staring through him. Hunger shone in his yellow eyes, almost as if Snowpaw could quench it.

Chapter 10

"Wake up, Snowpaw!"
Snowpaw blinked his blue eyes open to the dark walls of the apprentice's den. He stifled a yawn and batted Cherrypaw weakly with his paw. "It's so early!"
"What are you talking about? It's sunhigh, mouse-brain!" The ginger she-cat exclaimed and cuffed him lightly over the ear.
Alarm sparked through his body. 'Sunhigh? Flintstar is going to kill me!' He stood up abruptly and burst out of the den, ignoring Cherrypaw's wails of protest.
Sunlight hit Snowpaw's white pelt, and he basked in the warm green-leaf air for a split second before making his way to the leader's den.
A half moon had passed since he was exiled from WindClan and joined ThunderClan. Most of the cats had accepted him, while others still shot him suspicious glances when he walked by. As happy as he was in his new Clan, he still felt a pang of homesickness. Not necessary WindClan, but the cats he left behind. 'I wonder how Sandpaw is doing with her training...' He thought miserably. Sandpaw was his best friend, and now they weren't even in the same Clan. He felt guilty for becoming such good friends with Cherrypaw, because it was as though he was replacing his sister. They were both shades of ginger, both optimistic, daring, kind...
He shook off the thoughts and climbed up the ledge to Flintstar's den. When he reached the top, Flintstar was talking quietly with Honeystorm, the Clan deputy.
"Flintstar?" Snowpaw mewed cautiously when he entered the den. Both cats looked up to the apprentice, and Flintstar grunted a reply, "you decided to show up."
Snowpaw swallowed back the guilt. "Sorry..." He muttered while shuffling his paws.
Honeystorm heaved a sigh and got to her paws. She was a pure golden she-cat, and still fairly young. "I better get started on the sunset patrols." She meowed before leaving the den.
The tom couldn't help but watch as she padded gracefully towards the clearing. 'She's a Clan deputy! She won't talk to you, flea-brain!'

He could hear Sandpaw's voice in his when his eyes followed Honeystorm down the ledge.
"Well? Are we going training or not?" Flintstar growled impatiently, snapping Snowpaw back to reality.
"Oh- yes. Sorry Flintstar." He whispered, flicking his gaze back to the leader's burning yellow eyes.
"Come on then." He flicked his tail out of the den, and Snowpaw followed, his shoulders drooped with tiredness. He had been up all night talking with Foxpaw and Leafpaw, and yet they had been able to get up and train in the morning.
As he climbed down the cliff walls, Snowpaw saw Goldensplash, Honeystorm, Badgertooth and Birchflight in a small huddle by the fresh-kill pile. Whatever they were discussing seemed to be quite serious, and if another cat tried to join them they sent them away. Flintstar had nodded to them as they passed, and Badgertooth returned the gesture, as if they had had a full conversation silently in just that one, short moment.
Snowpaw tried to ignore the suspicious feeling inside of him when they padded to the training hollow, but he couldn't forget the look of ambition on all the cats faces...

Chapter 11

"Finish him, Snowpaw!" Cherrypaw yowled encouragingly.
Snowpaw had one paw pinning down his denmate, Palepaw. Defeat shone in the pale tabby's eyes, and Snowpaw released his grip.
"Nice work, Snowpaw." Flintstar meowed approvingly, o shining look in his piercing yellow gaze.
The white tom's whiskers twitched happily. He hadn't lost a fight since he became Flintstar's apprentice. 'I'm going to be the best warrior in all the Clans!'
Snowpaw hadn't even noticed Palepaw arguing with his mentor, Mouseclaw. "You call that fighting? You'd have been dead if Snowpaw's claws weren't sheathed." Mouseclaw growled.
Palepaw's fur was bristling, and his lips drawn back in a snarl. "Maybe if you'd teach me better I could win!"
He bit back a gasp at Palepaw's cruel words. An apprentice should never speak to their mentor like that.
"Enough!" Flintstar hissed, "Mouseclaw is a fine mentor, perhaps you're not willing to listen."
Palepaw flattened his ears and swung around towards Foxpaw. "I'm going hunting. You coming?"
The dark ginger tom swallowed and looked around nervously. "I'll stay and train." He mumbled.
"Fine." Palepaw flicked his tail and left the training hollow.
Unease prickled under Snowpaw's pelt. The pale tabby was always hard to work with, but he never thought he would disrespect his leader and mentor like that. He shook his uncertainties off and turned his attention back to Flintstar.
"As I was saying-" Flintstar meowed in annoyance as anger radiated off of Mouseclaw. "You did very well just then. Try diving under his belly next time, it sends most cats into panic."
With a flick of Flintstar's tail, the training was over. Cherrypaw bounded up to Snowpaw excitedly. "That was great!"
"Thanks." He meowed quietly, and padded off to join a group of warriors. He had become friends with all the apprentice quickly, minus Palepaw, and Flintstar advises him to start socializing with the warriors.

"I remember back when Shrewstar was leader and we had that huge battle with ShadowClan. We scared them out of their fur when we showed up to their camp!"
Snowpaw's ears pricked as he sat down and listened to Goldensplash's story. "Shrewstar?" His whiskers twitched in confusion. "I don't remember that name."
The golden she-cat's eyes darkened. "He was leader back before you were born. He was my father."
"Oh, I'm sorry." Snowpaw meowed, but he couldn't relate. He had no idea who his father was- or if he was even alive today.
"His death was so strange," Nightfang, a black tom, began. "We went to sleep and everything was normal, and when we woke up he dead."
Snowpaw could smell fear scent coming off of a few cats in the circle, but he couldn't tell who. 'Why would they be scared?'
"Don't you remember? When Flintstar came back from hunting he found his body drenched in fox scent." Birchflight added shakily.
"That's right." Nightfang meowed thoughtfully. "It just seemed odd that he went out by himself in the middle of the night."
Once again, Snowpaw detected a trace of fear. It was more clear who it was coming from, Goldensplash and Birchflight. What were these cats hiding?

Sorry I accidentally uploaded this wrong the first time!

Chapter 12

A mouse scurried from under a bush of brambles and Snowpaw's mouth watered expectantly. He dropped into a crouch and lightly padded forward towards the small, gray creature.
When the time was right, he leapt and caught the mouse in between his paws. He killed it with a swift bite and triumphantly raised his catch in the air before burying it.
"Well done, Snowpaw!" Honeystorm praised as she came out from behind a bush. "I will be sure to tell Flintstar how much prey you caught. Go get your other catches and head back to camp." She dipped her head and joined Cherrytail's mentor, Nightfang, a little ways away.
Snowpaw basked in the praise from the Clan deputy, and ignored the tingly feeling in his stomach. Flintstar had told Honeystorm to give Snowpaw a hunting assessment because Flintstar was going to visit the Moonpool tonight and needed all his strength.
The white tom dug up all the prey he had caught and glowered in pride. Two shrews, a mouse, and a sparrow.
"Wow!" Cherrypaw exclaimed as she padded up to him. "Is there anything you can't do?" She meowed, gazing into his blue eyes excitedly.
Licking his chest fur in embarrassment, Snowpaw murmured. "I guess I get it from my father." Featherpool was never a great hunter or fighter, but she was an amazing mother and had one of the best noses in the forest, even if she couldn't perfect her hunter's crouch.
"Whose your father?" The ginger she-cat asked curiously.
Snowpaw bit back a growl. How would she know that he had no idea who his father was? Besides, he was the one who brought it up. "I'm not sure." He replied flatly. "No one told us."
"I'm sorry to hear that." Cherrypaw meowed, her voice full of sorrow. "Did you say us?"
"Yeah, my sister Sandpaw and my brother Buzzardpaw." He replied, grief edging his mew when he thought about his family.
Her eyes glimmered. "You have a sister? Were you two close?"
"No one could separate us." Snowpaw meowed fondly. "Except Oakstar." He added while kneading his claws in the dirt.

She tilted her head sadly. "What about your brother?"
Snowpaw sighed, "he was always shy. I love him, but I didn't have the same bond with him as I did with Sandpaw. I wonder how she's doing..." He trailed off as he thought about the day he was accused of murdering Sunkit. Anger boiled inside of him. He wasn't with Sandpaw anymore because of it! He calmed down when he felt the soft touch of Cherrypaw's tail on his shoulder.
"Don't worry, if you go to the gathering tomorrow I'm sure she'll be there." She soothed.
The apprentices ears pricked up. The gathering! He HAD to go!
"You're brilliant, Cherrypaw!" He purred, and quickly licked her behind the ear before picking up all his prey and racing back to camp. He thought he had felt strong waves of emotion coming off Cherrypaw as he left, but he ignored it and kept running. He had to convince Flintstar to take him to the gathering!

Chapter 13

When Snowpaw arrived back at the ThunderClan camp, Flintstar was already gone. His disappointment was clear. He deposited his prey on the pile and stalked in the direction to the apprentices den.
"Hey, Snowpaw!"
The tom turned around and saw Silvernose eating outside the warrior's den with Jaygaze, her former apprentice.
"Come eat with us." The silver she cat meowed kindly, and she flicked her tail towards the fresh kill pile.
Snowpaw nodded reluctantly and chose a squirrel off the pile. All he wanted to do was sleep away his frustration, but he couldn't ignore his grumbling belly. He laid his squirrel down next to the warriors and wrapped his tail around his paws.
"How's it going?" Silvernose asked while he took a bite of the prey.
"Alright." He meowed, forcing the meat down his throat. He had gotten used to forest prey, but craved rabbits all the time.
A growl formed in the back of Jaygaze's throat. "Look at him! Forcing himself to swallow his prey! He's not grateful for the food we give him, because it's not those mangy rabbits!" The warrior's tail lashed in anger as he watched Snowpaw eat.
Snowpaw was at a loss of words- and was relieved when Silvernose finally spoke.
"Relax, Jaygaze. Snowpaw's only been here for a few moons, he'll learn to like all the woodland prey soon." She meowed, casting a sideways warning glance at Snowpaw.
He swallowed nervously, and waited for the tabby's cold response.
"I don't understand why Flintstar let him in so easily. Like don't have enough apprentices, much less a rabbit-chaser!"
Silvernose's fur was bristling in anger, as was Snowpaw's. "I'm loyal to ThunderClan! And you're hardly more than an apprentice yourself!" He hissed.
Jaygaze flattened his ears and walked away, turning back to hiss at Snowpaw before going into the warrior's den.
"Don't mind him." Silvernose meowed, still enraged. "The whole family's like that."
The apprentice nodded slowly, and followed her gaze to the elder

who had questioned him when he first arrived. The scrawny brown tabby was glaring at them through his yellow eyes.
"Hawkstorm is his father?" Snowpaw huffed. "Makes sense."
Silvernose's eyes softened, "don't listen to cats like them. You're doing fine here in ThunderClan. I'd even say you were passing all the other apprentices. Some cats just don't like change." She sighed.
Snowpaw purred at her kind words. "Can I ask you something?"
"Of course."
"The other day I saw some cats in a tight circle, and they looked very serious. Then I heard Goldensplash and Birchflight talking about Shrewstar, but something seemed odd." Snowpaw confessed. He normally didn't confide in cats he hardly knew, but Cherrypaw would be too excited, and he was pretty sure Flintstar was involved.
Her eyes grew thoughtful. "I don't know, Snowpaw, but I can tell you one thing for sure."
He pricked his ears and leaned in closer.
She paused, then continued. "Something weird is going on in this Clan, and I don't know if even StarClan would have the power to stop it."

Chapter 14

Flintstar flicked his tail towards the center of the island, and all the cats dispersed into the clearing.
A mix of anxiety and excitement clawed at Snowpaw's stomach. He had been chosen for the gathering after all. He stood frozen to his paws as he saw the giant crowd of cats from all four Clans sitting together. He ducked his head in embarrassment when he realized him and Flintstar were the only ones still at the top of the slope.
"Are you nervous?" The leader asked, his yellow eyes narrowed to slits.
"Of course not." Snowpaw swallowed hard, and scanned the crowd for his family. His fear slipped away when he saw Sandpaw's light ginger pelt among the crowd.
"Is that your sister?" Flintstar asked, following Snowpaw's gaze.
He nodded happily, and was about to run down the slope, but Flintstar moved his tail in front of Snowpaw's face.
"Don't you have a brother?"
Snowpaw gaze an impatient nod. Why did he care?
"Where is he?"
"Down there." Snowpaw pointed his tail to the brown tabby sitting next to Sandpaw. He's grown so much! The tom purred when he saw his brother's muscular frame.
Flintstar's eyes glowed when he spotted the tabby. Something briefly flashed in them, too. What was that? Recognition? "I knew it..." Flintstar mumbled so quietly, that Snowpaw could barely make out the words.
"Can I go now?" Snowpaw growled, forgetting this was his Clan leader.
The black tom flicked his tail and Snowpaw raced down the slope.
"Sandpaw!" He yowled.
The familiar she-cat turned her head in confusion, but her eyes grew wide when she saw her brother. "Snowpaw!" She ran up to him and they touched noses fondly.
"How are you?" He meowed out of breath, and greeted Buzzardpaw and Featherpool as they came up. He buried his muzzle in his mother's fur and waited for their response, happiness in his veins.

Sandpaw broke into a purr, "amazing. But enough about us, how are you doing?" She meowed more seriously and added quietly, "are they caring for you?"
"Of course." Snowpaw exclaimed. "They've been great."
Featherpool has a mixture of relief and pleasure on her silver face. "I knew they would." She purred.
Once again, Snowpaw was plagued with the question: how? How did his other know ThunderClan would care for him?
"The gathering is starting!" Sandpaw meowed excitedly, and Snowpaw sat down next to her. All the leader's had jumped on the tree and were looking down at the Clans. Fawnstar of ShadowClan started.
"All is well in ShadowClan. Doveshine has become a warrior, and Fernwing gave birth to Stormkit and Blackkit." She nodded to Oakstar when the cheering died down.
The tabby had a smug look on his face. "We have recently suffered the death of Dewlight's kit, Sunkit." Snowpaw was relieved when Oakstar didn't single him out, he must not have known he was there.
"His murderer," he put emphasis on murderer and the whole clearing starting whispering. Snowpaw's heart dropped and Sandpaw pressed against him.
"Has been exiled from WindClan, but it appears he has shown up tonight." His piecing gaze rested on Snowpaw, and cats from all Clans turned to look at him.

Chapter 15

"How dare you come here?" Shatteredwish snarled, and Snowpaw pressed against Sandpaw in fear. He wasn't a kit anymore, he could fight any of these cats, but he was still terrified.
Hushed murmurs echoed throughout the island, and some cats near him even backed away. Yowls of protest erupted from the ThunderClan cats.
"You fools lost a valuable cat with your false accusations." Honeystorm retorted.
Flintstar's eyes were burning in rage, "Silence!" He yowled, and the cats fell quiet. "Has WindClan stooped so low that they accuse innocent young cats of being murderers? Snowpaw is a fine and loyal tom. He was your loss." He shot to Oakstar.
Although he was trembling, Snowpaw took in all the praise and stayed quiet.
Ravenpaw, the pesky black tom who had always been mean to him, spoke. "There was so much proof. You'll be sorry when he starts attacking your precious Clan."
"I don't take the word of WindClan. If your Clan has trust issues, that is for you to work out. Now if I could deliver my Clan's news?" Flintstar asked slyly.
Oakstar dipped his head. "You know Flintstar, I'm surprised you let young Snowpaw join your Clan so easily. Shrewstar would have welcomed him with pleasure obviously, but you?"
"I know a great warrior when I see one." Flintstar meowed back curtly. "If this is over, then I would like to report that prey is running well and training is going great in ThunderClan."
Snowpaw had zoned out for the rest of the gathering. His Clanmates had stood up for him! Sandpaw licked him over the ear. "They really like you." Was that regret in her voice?
"Snowpaw, is this your family?" Cherrypaw's excited voice called to him. Her ginger pelt standing out in the crowd.
"Yes! Sandpaw, Buzzardpaw, this is Cherrypaw." He introduced his siblings to his friend, and watched Featherpool introduce herself. Sandpaw looked cautious as she greeted the ThunderClan apprentice. "Have I seen you before?" She asked.

Cherrypaw shrugged and looked at Snowpaw. "Maybe a border patrol? Come on, we have to get back to camp. Palepaw will be so mad he missed this one!"
Snowpaw dug his muzzle into his family's fur before charging up the slope with Cherrypaw. When he looked back down at the cats, he thought he saw jealously in Sandpaw's eyes.

Chapter 16

"Snowpaw has trained hard to learn the warrior code and has showed courage and strength with his training. Since he came to ThunderClan all those moons ago he has grown into a powerful cat. Do you promise to uphold the warrior code and protect and defend this Clan at the cost of your life?" Flintstar meowed sternly, his yellow eyes daggers.
Snowpaw swallowed back his excitement. Three moons had passed since the gathering where he was reunited with his family. He felt guilty for it, but he realized he hardly thought about his family at all anymore. He was a ThunderClan cat. "I do."
"Then I name you Snowshade. Make your Clan proud." He finished, and leaned over for Snowshade to lick his shoulder.
"Snowshade! Snowshade! Snowshade!" The cats chanted.
It was the first time he'd ever heard his name called like that. Warmth took over his body as his Clanmates swarmed around him and murmured their congratulations.
"Well done." Birchflight meowed.
"You deserve it." Nightfang dipped his head.
"Snowshade!" Cherrymoon yowled and buried her muzzle in his white fur. "What an amazing name!"
The tom licked her on the forehead. "Thanks." She has become a warrior about a moon ago, along with Leafdusk and Palefrost.
Her eyes were shining in the daylight. "Do you want to make your nest in the warriors den? There's a place right by mine." She suggested hopefully.
"Sure." He meowed, but was stopped by Palefrost. "You go ahead." He said to Cherrymoon as he turned around to face tom.
"Congratulations, Snowshade." Palefrost purred.
"Er, thanks." He replied. They had never been friends, and Snowshade was wondering what he possibly could have wanted.
"Look I know we never really got along, but there's something I need to say." He began, shuffling his paws.
Snowshade looked expectantly at him. "Well?"
Palefrost took a deep breath, "what do you think about Cherrymoon?"

"She's an amazing friend." Snowshade meowed in confusion. "Why?"
"I can't believe you haven't noticed, Snowshade. Every time she looks at you she starts purring. She follows you around everywhere. She's in love with you." Palefrost, who was her brother, meowed.
'In love?' Snowshade thought, stunned. He had never thought of Cherrymoon that way. She had always been his best friend since he came to ThunderClan. "That can't be right." He mustered out.
"Have you not seen the way she looks at you?" The pale tom tilted his head.
Guilt tugged at his paws. How had he not realized it? All this time he had been mooning over Honeystorm when Cherrymoon was right here all along.
"Palefrost."
Snowshade turned and saw Honeystorm dip her head to the other warrior. When she turned to him he felt his paws go numb.
"Snowshade. Congratulations on your name." She meowed smoothly. "How about you come find a spot in the warriors den?"
He felt as though he were about to burst. "Okay." He meowed, but felt empty as he padded into the den and saw Cherrymoon's sleeping body. What was he going to do?

Chapter 17

"Come in." Flintstar's rough voice woke Snowshade from his daze. He padded in wearily, still shocked from the day before.
"You called me?" Snowshade meowed hoarsely.
"I did. But before we begin, you mustn't tell anyone what we discussed today?" The leader warned, and Snowshade nodded nervously.
He sat down in front of his former mentor and curled his tail around his paws. "What is it?"
Flintstar hesitated. "I've watched you. Not just your training, but everything. Every move you make, every word you breathe."
Snowshade swallowed in fear. What was he trying to say?
"You have proved yourself as a loyal ThunderClan warrior. However, you're one of the strongest cats I've ever faced. The smartest I've ever seen." Flintstar muttered quietly.
"Thank you." Snowshade breathed.
"I'm not done. When I was Shrewstar's deputy I feared the direction he was taking ThunderClan in. He was soft, a coward, weak. Many couldn't wait for him to die and see me become leader."
Horror washed over Snowshade. How could a Clan want their leader to die?
"When I became leader I was seen as one of the most powerful cats to ever walk these forests. I still am. Cats from other Clans were in awe of me, and wanted all the Clans to have cats like me. We had secret meetings, and came up with plots to overthrow the other Clan's leaders." Flintstar growled, waiting for the white tom's response.
"Wow," was all Snowshade could muster out. Had he made a mistake coming to this Clan? Was it all evil? Silvernose was right, something weird was going on here.
The leader kept going. "One day we will rid of all the cowards in these forests and we will reign as one superior Clan. Like I said, I have watched you. You are essential to this plan. You could be the most powerful cat in the forest after I go, if you follow me. I know you have ambitions, I see it in your eyes."
He never admitted it to himself, but he did have ambitions. He was

hungry for power. "What do I have to do?"
"Train." Flintstar meowed simply. "You will train under me once more. You will be the leader of the superior Clan one day, you need to know everything. From the simplest battle move to the deadliest."
Snowshade nodded slowly. "You said you had meetings? With who?"
The tom hesitated. "Although I am the superior Clan's leader, there are followers in other Clans that have their own leader who will be my warriors when we succeed. Batwing of RiverClan and Moonfur of ShadowClan."
"What about WindClan?" Snowshade tilted his head.
"As of now we have no followers in WindClan. However, we have our eye on Ravenspeck."
He scoffed, "Ravenspeck? That flea-pelt?"
Flintstar's fur was bristling on the back of his neck. "That flea-pelt is valuable. Now are you in?"
He hesitated. Surely he was doing the right thing? Following his destiny? With a deep breath, he replied, "I'm in."

Chapter 18

Two moons passed and though he was a warrior, Snowshade was still training under Flintstar- in secret. At night he would curl up in his nest between Cherrymoon and Honeystorm, then sneak out to train. This wasn't ordinary training, it was tough, brutal, and some nights Snowshade didn't think he would survive.
"Snowshade, I want you to go on a border patrol. We're not expecting anything, so just you and I will go." Honeystorm meowed from her place beside the Highledge.
He nodded, and noted that the deputy just wanted to spend alone time with him. That was what he wanted right? Ever since he came to the Clan he had looked at Honeystorm in a different way than all the other cats. So shouldn't it be easy as that?
The golden she-cat flicked her tail towards the entrance. "Let's get going."
They were patrolling the ShadowClan border, and Cherrymoon was hunting by WindClan. 'Clever.' He thought. The deputy was obviously trying to keep the ginger cat away from him.
They padded silently all the way there, and he reset the markers without a problem. When he came back from the bushes, Honeystorm was waiting expectantly. "Snowshade there's something I need to tell you."
"Hm?" He meowed and sat down.
"I'm expecting kits."
His heart dropped. So Honeystorm didn't think of him the same way he did. He was losing his mind over nothing! "That's great!" He purred. "I hope you don't mind me asking, whose the father?"
Her eyes were round. "You are."
"Me?" Snowshade gasped. He was going to be a father!
"Of course." She meowed. "Aren't you happy?"
"Yes!" Snowshade exclaimed. "It's just- I never- I never imagined-"
She laid her tail over his mouth. "You'll be a great father, I know it. I'll just have to take some time off of being deputy and raise our kits. You'll help won't you?"
Snowshade smiles softly, his worries forgotten. "Of course I will. Our kits will be beautiful."

"They will. Now let's get back to camp and tell everyone the good news." She purred and twined her tail with his.
This was it- this was what he wanted. But what would Flintstar say? Was there room for love in their plans to take over the forest? And what was he going to tell Cherrymoon?

Chapter 19

"Kits?" Flintstar growled. "There's no room for kits in your destiny!"
Snowshade took a deep breath. "It wasn't planned."
"I don't care if it was planned or not! How do I know you're even loyal anymore?" He snarled, his eyes flaring i'm rage.
"I'm loyal I swear!" Snowshade gasped.
"Fine. We're going on a WindClan border patrol. That's how you'll prove to me you're loyal. Don't at like I didn't see you snuggling with your family at that gathering." He hissed.
Snowshade gulped and nodded. That should be easier than how he told Cherrymoon about his kits. She purred and told him how happy she was for him, but it was impossible to miss the hurt in her eyes. It was worse when the Clan celebrated with a feast, and only she and Flintstar went to their dens to sleep.
At sun-high, Snowshade, Flintstar, Mouseclaw, and Jaygaze set out to the WindClan border.
"Congratulations." Mouseclaw whispered into his ear. "You'll make great parents."
"Thank you." He meowed back. "It was a surp-"
"Trespasser!" Jaygaze yowled, and Snowshade lifted his nose. It was a WindClan cat, familiar, but he couldn't recognize who.
The ThunderClan cats got into a line and crouched, while Flintstar shot Snowshade a warning gaze. A silver she-cat padded out from the bushes.
"Featherpool?" Snowshade gasped. "What are you doing here?"
Jaygaze's eyes bored into Snowshade's pelt. "You know this cat?"
He ignored him and bounded up to his mother, remembering Flintstar behind him. "You shouldn't be here."
"She's alone. You two go back to camp and report this. We'll be there soon." Flintstar flicked his tail to Jaygaze and Mouseclaw. When they hesitated, he drew his lips back in a snarl. They nodded and ran back to camp.
Featherpool tried to rub her muzzle into Snowshade's fur, but he backed away. "What are you doing here?"
"I-I came to see you." She meowed, shocked. "I wanted to let you know that Buzzardpaw drowned a quarter moon ago."

Snowshade breathed heavily, "Buzzardpaw?" Inside, he always knew his brother wasn't going to make it. But so soon? Before he even got his warrior name?
He didn't even notice Flintstar's hot breath on his neck. "Snowshade, this is an intruder. You must drive her out."
"He's right." Snowshade choked out. "You have to leave."
"I just thought you'd want to know." She meowed, standing her ground.
"Buzzardpaw means nothing to me. I didn't even know him." He forced out, acknowledging Flintstar's warning.
He could hear his leader's grunt of approval behind him as Featherpool gasped. "This is your chance, Snowshade. Drive her out or attack her."
He took a deep breath and leapt on Featherpool. She let out a mrrow of shock and tried to push him off, but he was too heavy. He felt guilt in his paws but ignored it. She couldn't think she could come visit whenever she liked.
Once Snowshade had her pinned down, he panted," you've learned your lesson."
Just as he was going to loosen his grip, Flintstar hissed, "don't let her go. She's a traitor to the warrior code. She deserves to die."
Snowshade looked up at him in confusion, but the black tom stared straight at Featherpool.
"Ask her who your father is." He growled to Snowshade.
'My father?' He thought. Was he actually going to find out now?
"No!" Featherpool gasped.
"Ask her!" Flintstar growled again, his claws unsheathed.
"Whose my father?" Snowshade hissed in fear. He pinned her down harder so she couldn't escape.
Fear showed in his mother's eyes. "Your father was Shrewstar."

Chapter 20

Featherpool was dead. Snowshade killed her. 'It's what she deserves.' He kept trying to tell himself. 'She broke the code.'
"You did well today." Flintstar had murmured as they trudged back to camp. "Soon I'll take you to meet the others. They all had to make sacrifices just like you did today."
Still, Snowshade felt hollow inside. He killed his own mother. Who had he become?
Just as they were about to enter the camp, he heard yowling from WindClan border. "No!" His sister, Sandfeather. He ignored it and kept walking, only to find a whole group of RiverClan warriors in the camp, guarded by ThunderClan.
"Batwing!" Flintstar gasped and ran up to the RiverClan deputy. "What happened?"
The tom was bleeding heavily, and he could barely stand. "We have to hurry. Prepare your camp. RiverClan is coming- they will attack." Batwing breathes out.
Panic flared from Flintstar. "Snowshade, get the warriors ready. We're about to go into battle."
Snowshade nodded and ran to warn all the other cats. "RiverClan is attacking!" He set up guards at the entrance and hid the kits in the nursery.
When the Clan was prepared, he padded back to Flintstar's side.
"My son was killed, but his side defeated mine. All his warriors chased us, and they're going to come here. I fear our superior Clan will be no more. They're stronger than we imagined." Batwing meowed with grief.
Flintstar growled, "rubbish! You may have failed, but we won't. Now can your warriors fight or not? If not you may as well leave our territory."
"You dare treat us like that? Don't forget that you need warriors from all four Clans in your superior Clan. What force will you be without us?" He snarled.
"Fine, but stay here and fight, otherwise you will not be in the Clan." Flintstar warned.
Snowshade took his position, ready to fight the RiverClan warriors.

He knew what they were fighting for, so did the ThunderClan cats who were apart of the revolution, but the others were fighting blind. What will happen to them when this is over?
The suspense was killing him. It felt like he was waiting for moons.
"Why is RiverClan going to attack?" Leafdusk asked.
"They chased Batwing and his warriors." Snowshade whispered as they were in the attack crouch facing the thorn barrier.
It was clear she was still confused, but Leafdusk nodded silently and unsheathed her claws.
"Remember what you're fighting for." Flintstar growled in his ear.
Snowshade hadn't even noticed he came up to him. He dipped his head respectfully. Flintstar was aggressive and arrogant, but he was the only father figure Snowshade ever had. He was way more of a father than Shrewstar. 'I still can't believe it...' His eyes trailed to a golden she-cat, Goldensplash, his half sister. She was one of the ones who had fear scent coming off of them when Shrewstar was mentioned. Based on Flintstar's chat, he had reason to believe some ThunderClan cats murdered him. 'Good. He broke the warrior code with my mother.'
He broke out of his daze when he heard Cherrymoon yowl, "They're here!"

Chapter 21

"RiverClan, attack!" Shellstar yowled, and several cats battled down the slope on to the hollow.
A tabby named Berryfall jumped on to Snowshade and held on to his back. The tabby was weak, however, and fresh scratches had blood oozing out of them. Snowshade threw him off and pinned him to the ground. He raised one paw in the air and swiped at his throat, killing him in an instant. There was a time when he wouldn't have killed a cat, but that was before he knew of his destiny to rule the superior Clan. He wouldn't let anything get in his way now.
Berryfall's limp body laid on the ground, and he turned around when he heard a gasp. "Snowshade you didn't." Cherrymoon whispered.
The white tom didn't know what to say. "I-I had to."
"You're a monster." She hissed, and sped off to face another cat.
That wasn't the first time he'd been called that. All those moons ago when he was accused of killing Sunkit. Could the snow in his claws possibly have been an evil omen, not that he killed Sunkit, but that blood and death would be in his future?
He felt dizzy with all the fighting around him. He stumbled through the crowd of corpses and fighting cats as he tried to find Honeystorm. She was dead. Laying on the ground with blood pouring out of her throat.
"No!" He yowled. It was true he truly never loved Honeystorm, but he would have loved their kits. No cat tried to attack him, all the others were already locked in battle, or dead.
Palefrost laid motionless, Silvernose, Cloudrunner, Gingerleaf... All over a battle they knew nothing about.
"Snowshade!" Flintstar yowled in pain.
He turned and saw his leader under Shellstar's claws. "Flintstar!" Snowshade called back and raced to his aid. He scratched Shellstar's flank and bit his ear, while Flintstar ran his claws down his stomach. The RiverClan leader fled, screaming, "retreat!" and his warriors chased after him.
"We won." Flintstar breathed.
Snowshade didn't feel like they had won. His friends, his mate, his

kits... all dead. "What do we do now?" He whimpered, feeling like a little kit again.
"We take over the forest, and you will be my deputy."
The white tom felt as though the world had been ruined. As though he were living for no purpose, no reason. 'All the blood shed, all the lives lost, was so you could achieve your destiny.' He told himself.
"What Clan will be be?" He asked.
Flintstar's voice was clear, clearer than it had ever been. "Long ago, way before I was even born, there was a Clan that threatened to take over the other Clans. They failed, but once we gather our allies we will not fail. We learn from their mistakes. In honor of them, we will rule the forest as BloodClan."
"BloodClan." Snowshade repeated.
Batwing looked up from here he was laying. "We are BloodClan."
Birchflight, Goldensplash, Mouseclaw, all laying in pools of blood, lifted their heads and shakily began to stand up as they hollered to the stars. "We are BloodClan!"
It was then that Snowshade felt complete. The emptiness he felt right after the battle was filled. All with those three simple words, we are BloodClan. Yet, guilt still nagged at his stomach. He made a lot of sacrifices to get where he was now. He remembered Cherrymoon's harsh words after he killed Berryfall. Now, he couldn't even find her among the crowd. 'She's either dead or she fled.' He lost so much while keeping the secret of BloodClan. His destiny had seemed like embers in the snow, scattered all around him. But he was going to be leader one day. Was being leader worth also being known as a monster?

Closing

Hello! I know this is coming after I uploaded the last part and labeled it as complete but... I think the sequel may be coming! It will be extended (longer than the first book), longer chapters, more detailed, and only available on Wattpad! That's right, it will not be posted on my instagram due to length. I am still posting chapters on there and on my other account @waca.fanfictions . Comment below what you hope to happen in the second book! (Plot still in development.) Also a big thanks to those who read this book and I hope you enjoyed it!